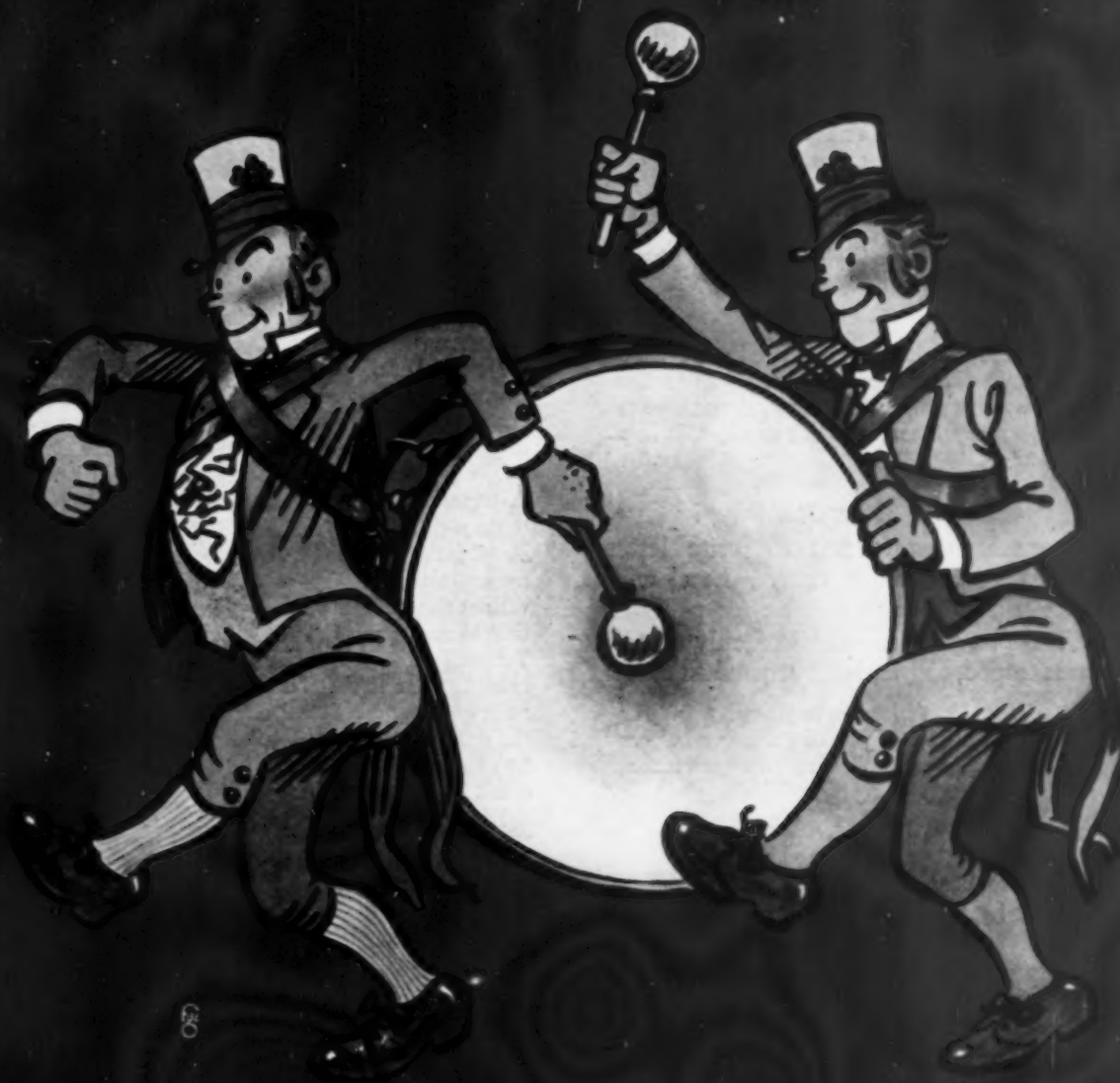


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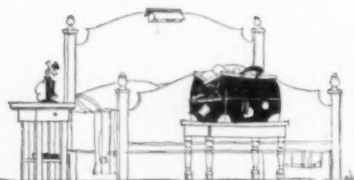
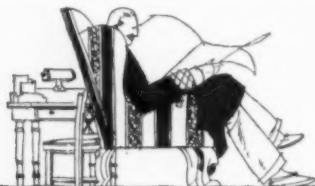


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THEY take a first-class story by a man
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A tale that makes you laugh and cry
and thrill and choke and sob,
And they give it to a bozo with a solid
ivory knob—

And they wonder "What's the Matter
with the Movies?"

The dumbbell looks it over and "adapts
it for the screen,"
Producer and Director tear and rend it,
scene by scene,
And the Star demands more changes—
knowing naught of what they mean,
And they wonder "What's the Matter
with the Movies?"

They cry aloud for "Action," which
they seek to bring about
By adding fires and shipwrecks and
by throwing logic out,
And they plan an Aztec temple and an
ancient pagan rout,
And they wonder "What's the Matter
with the Movies?"

They spend a million dollars (fully half
of it is waste),
For they have a heap of money which
they substitute for taste,
And they do a Super-Feature with all
common sense erased,
And they wonder "What's the Matter
with the Movies?"

And when the author's story has been
trampled cold and flat,
Leaving nothing but the title—and quite
often changing that—
They call in the Exhibitors to have a
turn at bat—
And they wonder "What's the Matter
with the Movies?"

They spend All Kinds of Money, and
they take All Kinds of Pains,
Then marvel that the public's old en-
thusiasm wanes,
For they've planned and schemed and
labored—using everything but
Brains—
And they wonder "What's the Matter
with the Movies?"

B. B.

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SHAMROCKS . . . shanties . . . shillel-
ahs . . . colleens . . . "bulls" . . . Pat
and Mike . . . fratricidal strife . . .
Bejabbers . . . Begorra . . . Bedad . . .
the Blarney Stone . . . John McCormack
. . . no snakes . . . pigs in the living
room . . . policemen . . . clay pipes . . .
Chauncey Olcott . . . bogs . . . lepre-
chauns . . . harps . . . hods . . . George
Bernard Shaw . . . ballads . . . banshees
. . . Guinness' stout . . . March 17 . . .
"to hell wid England" . . . "Erin Go
Bragh" . . . and they call it I-re-land!



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320 Prince. Machiavelli.

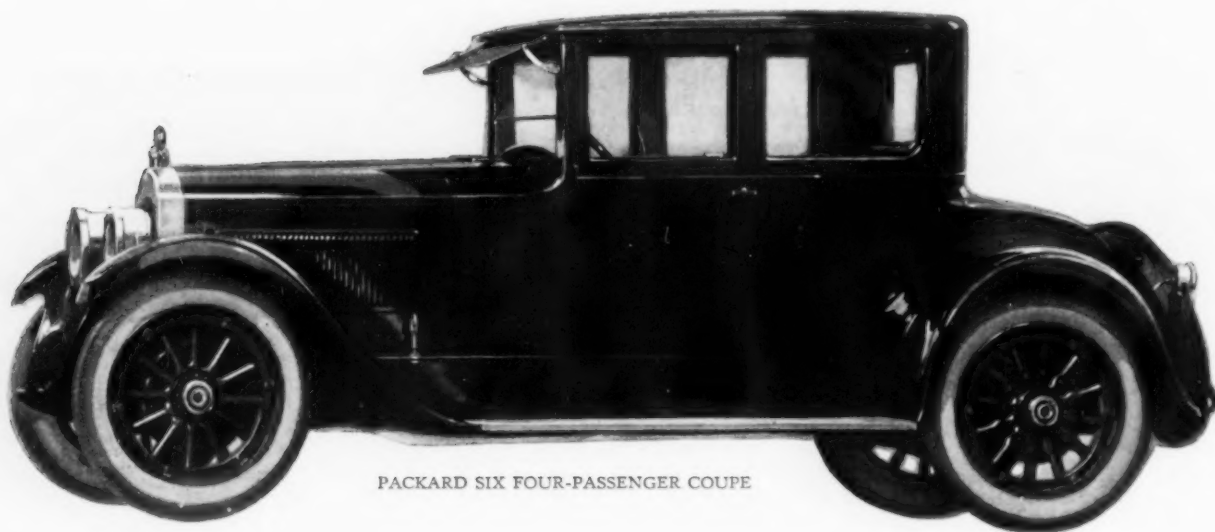
Special Bargain

We have an amazing bargain for those who order full sets of 523 volumes. Our special price only \$25.90, which is less than 5c per volume. If you want full set shipped prepaid, add \$2.59, or \$28.49 for books and carriage charges.

Order by number instead of titles. For instance, if you want "Carmen" simply write down "21." Remember the minimum quantity is 20 books—as many more as you like. Send money order, check (add 10c to personal checks for exchange), stamps or cash with all orders. If you want books shipped prepaid, enclose 10 per cent of the amount of order in addition. Otherwise books will be sent express collect. Canada and foreign price, 6 cents per book.

Haldeman-Julius Co., Dept. X-356, Girard, Kansas

1899 = ONLY PACKARD CAN BUILD A PACKARD = 1924



PACKARD SIX FOUR-PASSENGER COUPE

To design and build the Packard so well that its owners cannot be satisfied with anything less than a Packard, is a policy to which we have adhered for more than 24 years. "The man who owns one" testifies to our success:

= = = =

"I am frequently asked the question, 'How do you like your Six?'"

"There can be but one answer; I like it so much that I would not consider any other make.

"I have driven my Coupe 10,000 miles, with no expense, so far as upkeep goes. Carbon has been removed once and the valves have never been touched.

"It is economical of gas, giving about 16 miles about town and 20 miles on long drives, and, unless I have an accident, I believe I'll get 20,000 miles out of a set of tires. I drain my crank case and put in fresh oil (crank case capacity 6 quarts) every 500 miles in cold weather and 750 when it is warmer.

"All in all, I never knew real motor happiness until I got my Packard Six, no trouble—no repair bills—starts easy and keeps going. I consider it the best car, regardless of price, on the market."

L. M. EISFELD

November 23rd, 1923

Burlington, Iowa

Nothing that Packard can say of its Six and its Eight can equal the enthusiasm of Packard owners. In these advertisements, therefore, we shall strictly follow our own admonition, "ask the man who owns one."

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

Program for St. Patrick's Morning

*(If Irishmen Were as They Are
Supposed to Be)*

- 8 A.M.—Leave home.
 8:20—Meet O'Brien.
 8:21—Admit that you don't mind if you do.
 8:23—Stop at corner emporium and prove it.
 8:24—Remark that to your certain knowledge never a good man came out of County Clare yet.
 8:25—Inform O'Brien that you knew where he came from when you made the remark.
 8:26—Retort that not only were you aware of it, but your judgment was based largely on that knowledge.
 8:27—Offer to debate the question, no holds barred.
 8:28-8:35—Debate it.
 8:36—Offer to reimburse bartender for nickel spent in telephoning for ambulance—if he isn't from County Clare.
 8:37—Express gratification that he isn't.
 8:38—Admit that, seeing it is only your Christian duty to wait until the ambulance arrives, you don't mind if you do.
 8:39—Do so.
 8:40—Greet ambulance surgeon.
 8:41—Ask ambulance surgeon if late disputant is badly hurt.
 8:42—Tell ambulance surgeon that shows you're not as good as you were when you were younger, especially since it was a County Clare man you were debating with.
 8:43—Wave good-by to ambulance.
 8:44—Regret that you didn't ask surgeon if he was from County Clare.
 8:45—Reflect that he couldn't have been.
 8:46—Ask the bartender if he minds if he does.
 8:47—Express appreciation of his affability.
 8:48—Assure bartender that you will return.
 8:49—Tell him you're by no means the man you used to be.
 8:50—Go forth and look for more County Clare men.

James K. McGuinness.



THE POLARVILLE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE PROVES ITS PATRIOTISM BY PREPARING A ONE HUNDRED PER CENT. AMERICAN WELCOME FOR THE SHENANDOAH.



Lizzie Ann: BROTHER CONGO, I HEAR SIS JOHNSON DEAD—WHEN SHE GWINE BE INTERNED?

Bro. Congo: DEY AIN'T GWINE BE NO INTERNMENT.

Lizzie Ann: HOW COME?

Bro. Congo: DE FAMBLY HAB DECIDED SHE'S TO BE INCRIMINATED.



STATION L-O-V-E SIGNING OFF

Social Relativity

A STRIVES to get rich so that he can move in the "best circles."

B strives to get rich so that he can move in the "best circles."

C, D, E, F, G, H, I, J, K, L, M, N, O, P, Q, R, S, T, U, V, W, X, Y and Z—ditto.

All of them become wealthy.

A, B, C, D, E, F, G, H, I, J, K, L, M, N, O, P, Q, R, S, T, U, V, W, X, Y and Z now move in the "best circles"—consisting of **A, B, C, D, E, F, G, H, I, J, K, L, M, N, O, P, Q, R, S, T, U, V, W, X, Y and Z.**

The members of this "best circle" could have organized their circle without going to the trouble of becoming rich. But of course that never occurred to them. **B. P.**

Bliss

CLERK: There is a hat, madam, that was absolutely made for you.

FAIR CUSTOMER: No, I want a hat that makes me feel I was absolutely made for it!

A Critique of To-morrow

THE GEORGE SPELVIN THEATRE.—By ten minutes to nine the house was packed, and many (including Morris Blatz, the motion-picture magnate) were standing at the back. In the second row, center, were the Harrington-Smythes, who had motored in from Long Island that afternoon. Near by was "Lefty" Lew Morrissey, the well-known welterweight, while Moe Schlot, the producer, and Rose Lafleury, the film star, occupied the upper left stage-box. The Clayburtons arrived with the Frothingbys during the middle of the first act. In the same row were Julie, the modiste; Doc Gerharty, fight promoter; Ira P. Brewster, soap king; Madame Vaska of the concert stage, and Joe Levinsky, champion saxophone player. "J. T. B.," the noted columnist, slept throughout the performance.

Others in the audience were Freddie Featherby, man-about-town; Madeleine Roxbury, lecturer; Ivor Panivitch, dancer, and W. P. Scrogg, bootlegger.

The ushers wore costumes of mauve velour and silk hats to match.

We do not remember the name of the play or what it was all about.

C. G. S.

Everybody Happy

"WAS your picnic a success?"

"Rather! It rained and we didn't have it!"



AN HONEST ANSWER SAVES A LOT OF TALK

Reporter: TO WHAT DO YOU ATTRIBUTE YOUR LONG LIFE?

Uncle Zachariah (104 years old): DON'T KNOW A DARN

THING ABOUT IT.



"OH! JONES, IS THAT A NEIGH—OR IS IT A HORSE-LAUGH?"



Lost—A Box of Matches

By Don Herold

A MAN was hunting through his pockets for a little box of safety matches. He had felt in every pocket nine times.

"This is preposterous! Things like this don't happen. I couldn't have been so ingenious!" he exclaimed.

The thing was beginning to tear at his nerves. He had gone through his pockets almost subconsciously the first three or four times, but there is a certain nervous wear and tear about even that, as there is about a dog's barking in one's sleep, or about some other persistent annoyance which disturbs but does not waken.

For perhaps the fifth search he had summoned himself somewhat, and for the sixth he had brought himself together completely, halting for the moment the conversation in which he was engaged. The seventh time round he became actually intense. The veins in his neck hardened. His head felt red and tight.

The eighth time, the injustice of it pressed upon him. To lose so irrevocably a small box of matches within such limited radius—it was an impossibility, yet an actuality if he had ever encountered one. His arms were numb with reaching and his whole body was wilted with squirming. But still he fumbled. He began to pant, and beads of perspiration popped out on his forehead.

Anybody who has ever lost a railroad ticket or a hat check or a theatre stub, with no place to lose it, will partially understand this man's predicament,

though not entirely—because this man took things hard, and made interplanetary generalities from particular instances. As he became more and more exhausted with his match hunt, he drew God into the matter, and tailors who made clothes for creatures created in God's own image, and pockets in general, and small elusive objects in general, such as matches and other small objects in general—all necessary to man's happiness.

"Old man, old man," he gasped to his fellow clubman, "catch me, hold me, this is more than I can endure—matches—" and he fainted.

They took him to a hospital, where he lay unconscious for six weeks. One day the nurse who hovered over him saw his lips move, and she leaned close, and heard him whisper: "Somebody please bring me a match."



A Timely Circular

CORRESPONDENCE School for Aspirants to Cabinet positions.

Course Is Given in Strictest Confidence.

Furnishes Facts You Ought to Know in the Beginning Rather than at the End of Your Departmental Career.

Shows You How to Read Character by the Face and Voice.

Gives Hints Regarding Psychological Moments for Resignation.

Quotes Famous Sayings on Patriotism.

Gives Address of Secretary's Office of the Department You Have in Mind, and Rules for Dodging Other Cabinet Officials.

Suggests Ways of Preserving Your Self-Determination Regarding Your Finger-Prints.

Stiffens Your Backbone Against Public Clamor.

Shows You How to Preserve Your Presidential Boom Against Any Odds.

Indicates Ways for Sacrificing Your Reputation for Brains in Defense of Your Morality.

Are You Ambitious? Remember that You May Be Called to the Next Cabinet and Should Be on Your Guard.

Our Hoods Fully Cover the Face, and Our Gowns Resist Grease Spots.
E. S. V. Z.

A Hope Diamond

LIZA: Dat certainly is a beautiful engagement ring. What size is dat diamon'?

RASTUS: Dat is de twenty-year installment size!





ST. PATRICK'S DAY IN ATLANTA, GA.



STANDARD JOKE No. 4120-M

"LOOK HERE, SOL, HADN'T YOU HEARD ABOUT THIS BEING THE ST. PATRICK'S DAY NUMBER?"

"SURE."

"WELL, WHAT DO YOU THINK *you're* DOING HERE?"

"I'M CARRYING A LINE OF GREEN GOODS."

EDITH: So you didn't go South?

ETHEL: No, we put a new valve on the radiator.



"NOW, I MUST BE THE MAID, AND ALL YOUR CHILDREN ARE SICK, SO I GO TO THE MATINEE."

My Husband Says

THAT ladies should always eat breakfast with their husbands even if there is nothing about eggs in any form to inspire brilliant conversation; I sometimes wish they came in a greater variety of colors, too.

I really dislike rising so early but he likes to have me serve the coffee.

But he says he wishes I could remember the number of lumps he takes. He thinks if I would commit that to memory at home it might sometimes save embarrassment at hotels. He says it makes him nervous to see a waiter look at us interrogatively.

It makes him awfully cross, too, when the clerk rings up his room and says he can't read his signature, and also the management likes to know the home addresses of guests.

My husband's Aunt Julia says his signature looks like a worm in a fit, but I just love to see it on the checks he gives to me. He says his Aunt Julia will never see it on anything more important than Birthday Greetings.

Mrs. Swift says that personally she is much too humane to allow her husband to see her before seven in the evening and later, daylight saving time, and she says she would cheerfully divorce *any* man who dared to appear at home for lunch.

But I love to eat lunch with my husband and, besides, I always need him to do several errands for me in the afternoon.

I think errands are *so* uninteresting and trying.

L. Blanche Simpson.

Acute Angling

HUSBAND (*describing fishing trip*): And he fought for half an hour before I landed him!

WIFE (*sympathetically*): What a nuisance!

Life Lines

AFTER eight centuries of uproar, Ireland is at last quiet. The world can now give its undivided attention to Washington, D. C.

¶

It is reliably reported that Mr. Denby has got the Navy blues.

¶

Daugherty says the dry lid is clamped on tighter than ever. He'd better turn it over and see if the bottom hasn't dropped out.

¶

The principal business interest of New York City is still holding up.

¶

Lord Byron woke up to find himself famous, and so, apparently, has King Tut.

¶

When he returns to America there'll be lots of things for Dawes to peck at

¶

It is said that the Prince of Wales never sits out a dance. We've heard that he never sits out a horse race, either.

¶

Secretary Mellon, says the American Legion, has been giving out false figures concerning the soldiers' bounty. And making no bonus about it.

¶

It appears that although a public official may be close-mouthed he may also be open-handed.

¶

A Japanese professor is growing flowers from seeds reputed to be five hundred years old. Now we know where to send those provided by our thoughtful Congressmen.

Plan Your Garden Now

BY starting now the energetic and forehanded apartment house resident may enjoy fresh vegetables from his own garden all summer long. The first thing to do is to find and purchase a place in the country. Many suitable farms within fifteen miles or so of the city may be had at from twenty-five to fifty thousand dollars.

As soon as the country place is found, three automobiles should be bought; one for the owner to use in



ADVENTURES OF PEP THE POOCH

going to business and two others for the family, so they may spend every day in town. Three or four competent gardeners should then be found, married ones preferred, so their wives can do the housework while the family is away from home.

The outlay should not be more than seventy-five thousand dollars for the season, which will bring the cost of fresh vegetables from one's own garden within five hundred dollars a day.

McC. H.

Evidence

STRANGER: Do you really think you are a hundred years old?

AGED NEGRO: Co'se Ah does. Why, Ah can't remembah when Ah wasn't alive!

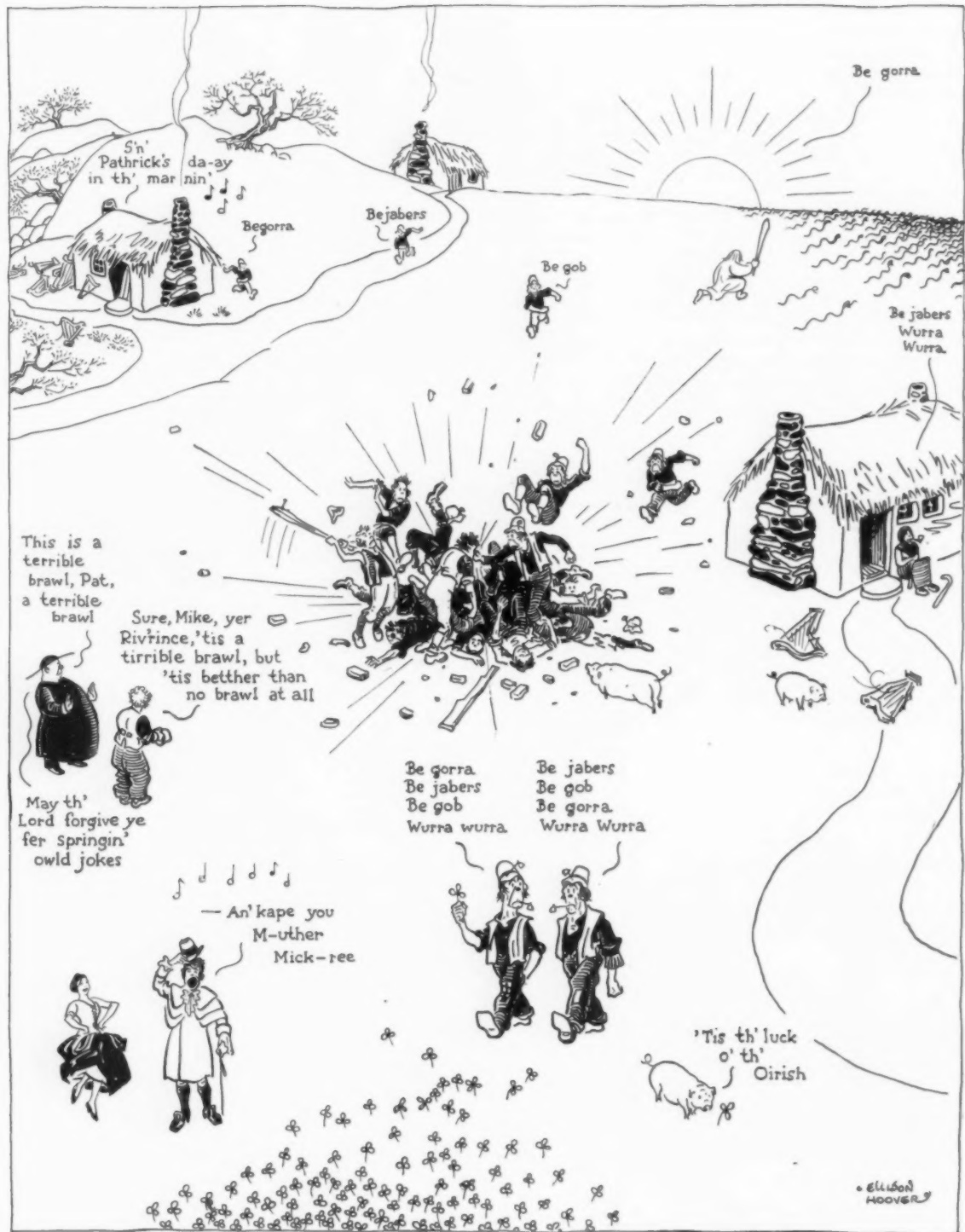
Fish as a Brain Food

THIRTY-SIX students at the University of Washington are enrolled in the College of Fisheries, the only college of this kind in the United States.

Such an education presents benefits to be-angled for. When, after competing keenly for first plaice, each one of the thirty-six receives his sheephead, he will be able to face the world unherringly, without floundering or craw-fishing, secure in his knowledge of the dark ways of sharks and lobsters. Whether he chooses to run with the school, or to strike out for himself with an entirely different porpoise, he can always feel that the world is his oyster.

It sounds like a whale of a course.

H. W. H.



YE COMPLEAT ST. PATRICK'S DAY

Arctic Correspondence

ETAH, GREENLAND.—The Government's announcement that the Shenandoah should annex the North Pole and surrounding land, if any, has aroused great hopes for an unusually interesting season in Arctic circles. Throughout the region various native organizations are planning to make the Shenandoah's trip the impetus of the biggest, busiest and best summer yet enjoyed by Eskimo society.

The Peary Land Rotary Club at its annual midnight-sun breakfast adopted resolutions urging all uplift societies to tax members two seals each as a contribution to a general Shenandoah entertainment fund.

The Society for the Beautification of Natural Fjords has invited C. Bascom Slemph to conduct a lecture tour to spread information concerning the organization and direction of political delegates. The Commercial Club of Grant Land has voted Mr. Slemph the freedom of the floes, which includes exclusive hunting privileges.

But there is a fly in the blubber. Walrus sleuths near Alaska report mysterious harpoon practice by little groups of earnest Eskimos who are known to be in the direct pay of Moscow. It is even said that Trotzky is



Plumber: HE SAYS TO ME, "I WANT THE SINK IN THE CORNER," AN' I SAYS, "SAY! WHO D'YA THINK YOU ARE?" AN' HE SAYS, "WELL, I'M THE ONE WHO'S PAYIN' FOR THE JOB." SO I SAYS, "THEN KEEP YOUR PLACE!" HE'S BEEN LIKE A LAMB EVER SINCE.

now on his way to these parts for the purpose of directing these groups in the organization of an army which shall replace the red, white and blue with the red flag the moment the former is flown from the Pole by the Shenandoah.

From the northern tip of Hall Land comes the report that other Eskimos are being drilled in the manning of a

large fleet of icebergs gathered there only recently, but it cannot be learned whether this sinister power will strike toward the North or South Poles.

These facts, however, should not disturb the 110 per cent. American. The Ku Klux Klan is strongly organized throughout the Circle. By their commendable assumption of exclusive rights to the flaming Northern Lights the Klan officials are in a position to inflame the Eskimos into righteous indignation against any resistance to the altruism of American imperialism.

— Leslie H. Allen.



Bobby: I GUESS DAD'S GOING TO THE OPERA TO-NIGHT.

Helen: WHY?

Bobby: CAN'T YOU HEAR HIM PRACTICING HIS SNORE?

The Diary of a Winter Resorter

MONDAY—Spend all morning in stockbroker's office. Read papers from home all afternoon. Listen to radio broadcasts at night.

Tuesday—Sleep until lunch. Bridge until dinner. Radio again at night.

Wednesday—Go out for a stroll in morning, but it is too windy. Mah Jong all afternoon. Poker all night.

Thursday—Pass morning in long-distance call. Sleep most of afternoon. Send business telegrams at night.

Friday—Watch stock-market in morning. Lose most of roll at roulette during afternoon. Lose rest at night.

Saturday—Spend morning wondering how I can pay hotel bill. Spend afternoon borrowing from friends. Get pickled at night.

Sunday—Board train for home.

LIFE'S War Prize Contest

Nation-wide Response to Sensational Plea for New World Conflict

WHILE the Senatorial Battalion of Death is mobilizing to investigate LIFE's War Prize Contest, the public at large is rallying loyally to the support of this magnificent campaign for the promotion of international ill-will. The man in the street realizes that for the first time in history he is being given the chance to pick his own war—and he is making the most of the occasion.

From the enormous number of suggestions and comments already submitted, it appears that there is an overwhelming sentiment in favor of Civil War. "No foreign entanglements" seems to be the watchword.

The advantages of Civil War, as outlined by various correspondents, are as follows:

A private scrap of our own would keep out undesirable aliens.

Neither army would be able to say, "The other side got a bonus."

If the struggle covered a sufficiently large area, it would give many of our boys a chance to See America First.

There would be no difficulties about language and no imported war-brides.

The same magnates could finance both armies, and native munition-makers would earn twofold dividends.

There would be no shipping board.

All the battlefields would be kept at home, thereby giving many men employment as guides in the devastated area.

Volstead an Issue

A GREAT majority of the suggestions display a surprising disrespect for the Eighteenth Amendment; indeed, the most popular *casus belli* is the enforcement of Prohibition throughout the world. This, in the opinion of the judges, is not a feasible plan, as it would take too long. Remember that LIFE hopes to get the fighting started before April 30; if we wait longer than that the Senate will beat us to it.

Several contestants have expressed a desire for longer wars. They cite the Thirty Years' War and the Hundred Years' War as models. The last conflict, they say, ended just when people were beginning to warm up to it.

Many of the contributions to the Contest have been arbitrarily ruled out because they do not conform to the con-

FOR the best suggestion on how to start another good, big War, LIFE will award the following prizes:

First Prize.....\$250.00
Second Prize..... 125.00
Third Prize..... 75.00
Fourth Prize..... 50.00

The Contest is governed by the following

CONDITIONS

1. Suggestions must be limited to 200 words.

2. The Contest will close on April 15, and the judges will not consider any manuscripts received after that date.

3. All professional war-promoters—including members of Congress, manufacturers of munitions and war materials, a selected list of ministers of the Gospel, certain members of "patriotic" defense societies, and the House of Hohenzollern—are barred from the Contest. The Editors of LIFE are also ineligible.

4. Suggestions should be addressed to the War Editor, LIFE, 598 Madison Avenue, New York City.

As the answers to this Contest are submitted, the Editors of LIFE will select those suggestions that they consider best. These will be published from week to week in LIFE, and the readers of the magazine will have the opportunity to vote for their favorites. From these selections the Editors will make the final awards. Should any of the winning plans be duplicated, the full amount of the prize will be given each tying contestant. Checks will be sent simultaneously with the announcement of the award.

Every contribution to this Contest which is published in LIFE will be paid for at our regular rates—whether it wins a prize or not.

dition that suggestions must be limited to two hundred words. Those who submit suggestions in the future—and the Contest does not close until April 15—must pay strict attention to this condition. No matter how much comment you may have to offer on the Contest itself, be sure that your actual plan does not exceed the word limit.

**We want
bigger
and better
Wars!**

The two comments quoted below are considered significant:

"I understand that everything is being done by the proper European authorities, so I haven't any great uneasiness about the war's not arriving on time."

BOOTH TARKINGTON,
Indianapolis, Ind.

"Your campaign for bigger and better wars fills, in my opinion, a long-felt want. Since the termination of the late unpleasantness... I have accumulated three valid and excellent grounds of exemption: to wit, a wife, a daughter, and five additional years added to my already venerable age."

"I therefore can endorse your Contest with all my heart. One of my cherished dreams is to be able to say to my young, able-bodied, unattached friends, 'I'd give anything to have your opportunity. You don't realize how lucky you are. In fact, I'd enlist myself, this minute, if I thought they'd take me.'"

"Then I'd offer my services to the Department of Justice as a secret agent, and report all of my friends who weren't as 100 per cent. as myself."

NEWMAN LEVY,
New York, N. Y.

War Plans

AMONG the multitude of suggestions that have been received the following are the most representative:

As a scheme for promoting war, I offer the winning plan in the Bok Peace Prize Contest. It'll work both ways.

H. J. MANCKIEWICZ,
378 Central Park West, New York.

We could, of course, become involved in ordinary wars by attempting to collect the war debts, or by colonizing Brooklyn, but in this age of progress, wars should keep pace with other advances in civilization.

Let us annex Greenland.

Let the Shenandoah, on its trip to the North Pole, proclaim the discovery of oil fields.

Let Prohibition be extended to Greenland, and enforced on British, French, Italian, even American oil seekers, who will congregate there. This is to prevent another Robert Service epidemic.

Let the Smithsonian Institute discover that the European exploiters are removing the lubrication from the bearing whereby the world turns on its axis, and that immediate relief measures are necessary.

(Continued on page 33)

Mrs. Pep's Diary

March 6th Awake betimes, conversing on various matters with Sam, who seemed unwontedly depressed, so I did manage to compliment his game of bridge adroitly, secretly praying forgiveness for the lie, and to congratulate him on the tenacity of his hair, and by the time he was ready for breakfast he was carolling his matin song as lustily as Pippa. So up, and at such pains to arrange a coiffure to suit me that I was minded to go straightway to a barber and have my head shaved, but my servant Emilie dissuaded me. And I bethought me of the cynical Adrian in "Richard Feverel" who, upon being told that Lucy had done all she could to prevent the marriage, quoth, She might have shaved her head....The morning gone



THE LAST OF THE MCHIGGINS

in serious converse with my cook, who is as niggardly with provender as most of her kind are prodigal, striving to

convince her that no mushrooms at all are preferable to too few, and my discourse so eloquent that I doubt if Thompson can bear the platter when we have them next for a garnish, forasmuch as since I bespoke her seriously for skimping the sherry, she puts so much in sauces that the lightheaded get a fair lift from them.

March 7th A great soreness in my throat this morning, and I did hail a bottle of my pet gargle with joy and a query as to whether it had been delivered by an urchin or an adult, so arousing Sam's curiosity that I confided that fifteen cents pourboire was sufficient for a child, but that strong men got no less than twenty-five. Whereupon he burst into an unseemly gale, to which I paid no heed. But I blush for my sex in the matter of largesse, and the other

(Continued on page 31)



"AIN'T IT TURBIBLE, TH' POOR ROOSIANS, AND OIRELAND, AND GERMANY STARVING, AND JAPAN SWALLOWED UP ENTOIRELY BE AN EARTHQUAKE, AND NOW THIS TAYPOT DOOM, AND TH' COLD WEATHER ON TOP AV IT ALL!"



MARCH 13, 1924

VOL. 83. 2158

*"While there is Life there's Hope"*Published by
LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANYCHARLES DANA GIBSON, President LE ROY MILLER, Sec'y and Treas.
598 Madison Avenue, New York
English Offices, Rolis House, Breams Bldgs., London, E. C.

ALL the political halos are going bust. It looks as though we might have to nominate a couple of mere sinners for President. No one of the proper age and biography appears in either party who is not smeared with traces of something objectionable, or affiliated with persons so soiled, or liable to be smeared or affiliated the moment his head rises high enough to attract the attention of the Senate.

A Washington lady has been quoted as saying that the Senators remind her of a lot of fleas who have lost their dog. They are very distracted. Mr. Lodge and Mr. Pepper go to Mr. Coolidge and disclose to him that he ought to throw Mr. Daugherty to the wolves. Mr. Wheeler, Montana Democrat, declares that Mr. Daugherty bought some oil stock. Mr. Borah, Idaho Republican, invites his brethren to impeach Mr. Daugherty. The Democratic Senators are urgent to demonstrate that the Republican administration is hopelessly steeped in crime. The Republican Senators practice to show that the Democrats are no better and that the country would lose by a change. It is all vociferous though not exactly halcyon. We, the public, are somewhat bored by so much jury duty, but yet not really depressed. The activities and anxieties of the Senators afford entertainment, and when any one reminds us that these clouds of accusations are bringing our politics into disrepute, the answer is that it is far better that whatever is disreputable should be in disrepute than that it should be in office.

Mr. Coolidge on Washington's birthday made only one engagement—to see Jack Dempsey. He saw him and perhaps he consulted him about knockouts, how to do them and how to avoid them.

Providence continues to be kind to Mr. Coolidge in giving him wonderful opportunities to show the stuff that is in him. So far he makes a pretty good showing. He would not discharge Mr. Denby under fire, and Mr. Denby got out of his own accord. Up to this time of writing he has abstained from discharging Mr. Daugherty, and though Mr. Daugherty will probably abandon his office in due time, he makes meanwhile a very interesting and even spectacular fight. It does not please him to be a scapegoat. He will not admit that he is the only bad man among Mr. Coolidge's chief supporters, nor even that he is the worst of them. The papers report that he is not well, that his family is grievously invalidated and almost as anxious a day-to-day care to him as his reputation. Naturally Mr. Daugherty's temper is not very bland. He virtually threatens to blow the Republican administration to bits unless it keeps hands off of him, and the confidence in his ability to do so is strong enough to win him great respect. Mr. Borah thinks he ought to be impeached, and probably Mr. Daugherty would enjoy impeachment. Probably he would enjoy anything better than slinking away discarded from the cabinet of an administration that his own hands helped with such efficiency to put in office.



IT would not be quite true to say that these Washington developments are depressing. Sad to say, readers find entertainment in them. It does not make for the credit of the country to have the Democratic Senators so active in demonstrating that the Administra-

tion is being run by a lot of rascals, but in the long run it may make for virtue. The truth is we are all more or less on trial at Washington. American society, the existing stage of American civilization, is on trial. Palm Beach and Long Island, the love of luxury and the love of loot, are the real disease of which this extraordinary blow-out in Washington is one of the symptoms. The scale of living and the cost of living have both been steadily rising for the last ten years. People insist upon living better and want more money to pay for it. Any big and distinctive explosion that will make money look more like dirt and put the danger signal on it may be good for us. The money-getting passion needs a purge from time to time as well as the other passions. Most of the time it is fed on compliments. To have it stripped and exhibited as the root of all evil is not so bad now and then.

But if we observers are to profit by the picture, we must practice self-application of its lessons. We are not ourselves improved in character by the tragedy of Fall, and the dismay of all the beneficiaries of Doheny. If we are to get any good for ourselves out of such things we must explore ourselves, our aims and our endeavors. The gulf is not so wide as generally supposed between the money-hunters who manage to keep within the law, and those who are less careful of legalities.



UNDER cover of the oil smudge, Mr. Mellon's tax bill is in danger of wreck. It has been seriously man-handled in Congress, the surtax is being increased, the rates on small incomes lessened. That sounds lovely to the voters, but it probably fools them. Henry Ford deplors a high tax on business profits. It would leave him, he says, no surplus to improve his methods with. If he hadn't had his gains to put into his business, Ford cars, he says, would be costing \$1,500.

Industrial progress depends considerably on leaving to lawful business skillfully conducted the means to improve its processes. Even a rich railroad is a better public asset than a railroad bordering on bankruptcy.

E. S. Martin.



THROWING OVER THE JONAHS



Ireland
Uncle Sam and John Bull: Than



Ireland and Peace

ull: Thank God! They've got together at last.



Soft Music

"THE MOON-FLOWER" is a musk-laden appeal to the upstairs-girl strain which most of us have lurking in the recesses of our natures, done in Zoe Akins' most elegant manner. Its paper cover has been not very successfully concealed by a tasteful production and the employment of the regal Elsie Ferguson as "the most beautiful and mercenary courtesan in all Europe" who leaves an elegant Grand Duke raging in his elegant apartments across the way while she spends a scented—and gosh, what an elegant—night with a poor law-student masquerading as a nobleman.

But there was no need to play on our upstairs-girl susceptibilities to the extent of painting each line of the dialogue a bright pink and sprinkling it with drug-store Florida-water. The only excuse that Miss Akins has ever had for writing her particular brand of circulating-library romance is that she usually manages to run through it a strain of sophisticated acknowledgment of its essential buck-eye. Occasionally in "The Moon-Flower," especially in the first act, there comes a little hitch in the smooth-running flow of vanilla which indicates that the author still has a roving eye on reality; as, for instance, when the young man, after an impressive gesture of paying off his one-night queen with ten thousand francs, is forced to borrow some of it back in order to pay the hotel bill. But, for the most part, it is just plain Ouida.



THE chief sufferer is Mr. Sidney Blackmer, who ought never to be called upon to read a line requiring more than one easy inhalation and exhalation, and who is here made to deliver periodic sentences with great, beautiful nasturtiums twining through them. Even granted that he is supposed to be the continental counterpart of a Tarkington lover, with flowery speeches for comedy effect, the fact remains that somewhere in the process of manufacture the comedy effect has dropped out, leaving simply the flowery speeches and the dulcet droning of Mr. Blackmer.

Being highly susceptible to the charms of Miss Ferguson, we can not speak judicially of her performance. We have a feeling that, everything else to one side, she was very good. She didn't have to be, so far as we were concerned. We were quite in sympathy with the bit of stage-business which, at the end of the first act when the young man was presented to her, caused the off-stage orchestra to burst out impulsively and the hitherto-dormant fountain to start playing frantically as the curtain fell.

And could it have been a subtlety in direction which limited the renditions of the off-stage orchestra (Monte Carlo's best, mind you, and see that it is put on my bill) to selections from a collection known in the old high-school orchestra days as "Twenty Classical Gems for Mandolin and Piano"? At any rate, it was just the incidental music for "The Moon-Flower."



JANE COWL'S lucid and lovely performance as *Cleopatra* ought to be enough to recommend the entire evening at the Lyceum, and, if you ask us, it does. Any thrilling feature at all in a Shakespearean production is that much velvet to us, for we go expecting not to be thrilled at all. And certainly there is nothing in the text of "Antony and Cleopatra" to get your hopes up before you enter the theatre.

Through her intelligent and untheatrical interpretation of the rôle, Miss Cowl gives it a great deal more than an even break as entertainment, to say nothing of the debt owed her by the Bard (Shakespeare) for making his Queen so highly satisfactory as a picture.

Mr. Peters as *Antony* is not so happy. One has the feeling that he is working on tip-toe, trying constantly to look taller and sound gruffer. The big beard doesn't help much, for right behind it is the exceedingly boyish back of Mr. Peters' head, around which you look for the strings which are holding the beard in place. It is really the head of *Romeo*, as Mr. Peters has already proved to the satisfaction of every one.



AS for the play, it has the customary Shakespearean battles in which the contestants stagger in pairs on and off from the wings (all of Shakespeare's battles seem to take place just this side of the electric switch-board off-stage at the right), some excellent opportunities for Miss Cowl to show how Elizabethan drama can be acted and still sound human, and whatever excitement there may be in the clanking of Roman war accoutrement, which is considerable excitement for us, we must admit.

We had planned to give Shakespeare a good scolding here for having written such a redundant scene as that in which the messenger informs *Cleopatra* that *Antony* has married *Octavia*, but find on reference to the text that the fault lies in the modern acting version, which has combined two scenes in one. A good thing for Shakespeare that we discovered it in time, otherwise our indictment would have been on the presses by now.

Robert C. Benchley.

Confidential Guide

Owing to the time it takes to print LIFE, readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.

More or Less Serious

Antony and Cleopatra. *Lyceum*—Reviewed in this issue.

Cyrano de Bergerac. *National*—One of the most dramatic plays of all time, revived fittingly by Walter Hampden.

Fata Morgana. *Garrick*—To be reviewed later.

Hell-Bent fer Heaven. *Frazee*—The best of the Southern drawl dramas, containing something new in villains.

Hurricane. *Frolic*—Down the line with Olga Petrova.

In the Next Room. *Vanderbilt*—A murder mystery, with a warning against pawing around in things you don't know anything about.

Laugh, Clown, Laugh! *Belasco*—Lionel Barrymore helps to make the old story seem a bit fresher.

The Miracle. *Century*—An inspiring spectacle which should not be missed, if for nothing else than to tell your grandchildren that you saw it.

The Moon-Flower. *Astor*—Reviewed in this issue.

The Outsider. *Forty-Ninth St.*—To be reviewed later.

Outward Bound. *Ritz*—A sea-trip into the Hereafter, to be taken by all means.

Rain. *Maxine Elliott's*—You must have seen it by now.

Saint Joan. *Empire*—Winifred Lenihan in the title rôle of Shaw's long but stimulating account of the Saint's progress.

Seventh Heaven. *Booth*—Not our favorite.

Sun-Up. *Princess*—The stirrings of patriotism in the backwoods effectively shown.

Tarnish. *Belmont*—An excellent little play of middle-class virtue and sinning.

White Cargo. *Daly's*—A vivid picture of low life in the tropics.

Comedy and Things Like That

Abie's Irish Rose. *Republic*—Heigh-ho! Beggar on Horseback. *Broadhurst*—An unusual and delightful dream-satire on our local civilization.

Fashion. *Provincetown*—One of the earliest American comedies (1845), revived amid slightly superior but none the less hearty laughter.

For All of Us. *Ambassador*—William Hodge being very, very kindly.

The Goose Hangs High. *Bijou*—A domestic cross-section of the Boys and Girls of to-day. Very pleasant and instructive.

Meet the Wife. *Klaw*—Mary Boland and a surplus of husbands, not so funny as you might think.

The Merry Wives of Gotham. *Henry Miller's*—Grace George and Laura Hope Crews adding about three hundred per cent. to the charms of a play of Little Old New York.

The Nervous Wreck. *Sam H. Harris*—Hilarious goings-on by Otto Kruger and June Walker.

New Toys. *Fulton*—Ernest Truex at his best in a rather tepid domestic sketch.

The Other Rose. *Morisco*—Fay Bainter and Henry Hull in pretty-pretty.

The Potters. *Plymouth*—A special showing of the American Goof at home.

The Show-Off. *Playhouse*—A characterization and a comedy of everyday life which just about sets a high-water mark.

The Song and Dance Man. *Hudson*—George M. Cohan giving a superb performance.

Spring Cleaning. *Eltinge*—High-class shocker, with a high-class cast, including Estelle Winwood, Violet Heming, Arliar Byron and A. E. Mathews.

The Swan. *Cort*—A genuinely distinguished comedy, with Eva Le Gallienne.

Eye and Ear Entertainment

Artists and Models. *Shubert*—For the peephole trade.

Charlot's Revue. *Times Square*—London stars in the most satisfactory revue of all.

The Chiffon Girl. *Fifty-Ninth St.*—Eleanor Painter singing, but not much else.

Kid Boots. *Earl Carroll*—Eddie Cantor at the top of his form.

Little Jessie James. *Little*—Contains a song-hit.

Lollipop. *Knickerbocker*—Some nice tunes and Ada May (Weeks).

Mary Jane McKane. *Imperial*—Mary Hay and Hal Skelly in something pleasant.

Moonlight. *Longacre*—Numberless songs which help.

Mr. Battling Butler. *Seleya*—Has done much better than we gave it credit for.

Music Box Revue. *Music Box*—Frank Tinney, a lot of girls, elevators and everything.

Poppy. *Apollo*—Madge Kennedy and W. C. Fields in one of the best.

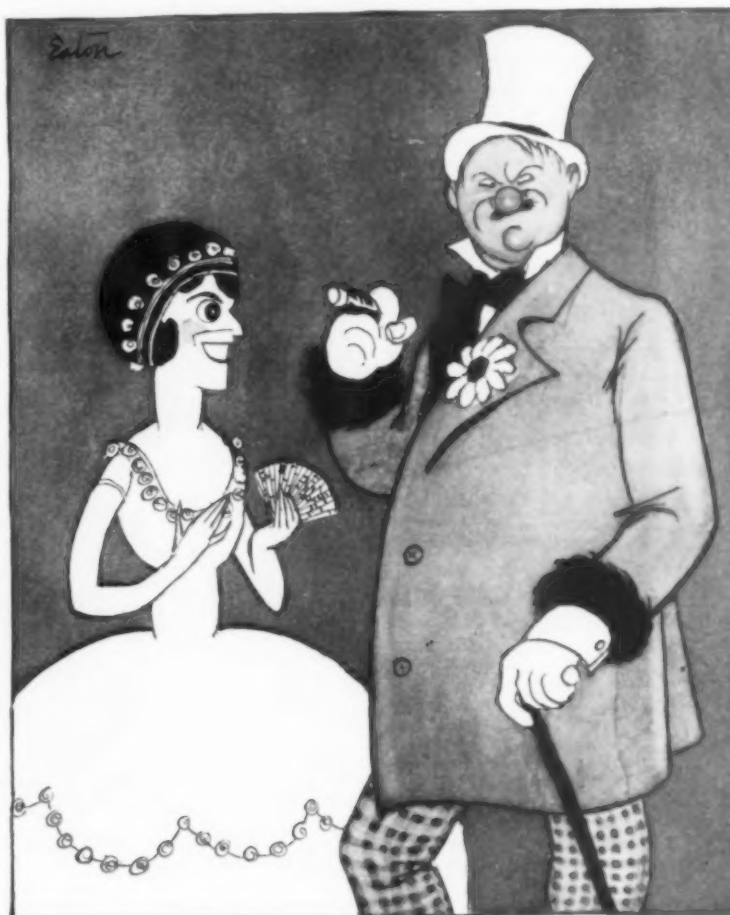
Runnin' Wild. *Colonial*—The smartest of the Negro shows.

Stepping Stones. *Globe*—A family affair involving the agile Fred Stone and his daughter.

Sweet Little Devil. *Central*—Constance Binney in person, but a mediocre show.

Wildflower. *Casino*—The hit of two seasons from a musical point of view.

Ziegfeld Follies. *New Amsterdam*—Fannie Brice and everything else.



MADGE KENNEDY AND W. C. FIELDS IN "POPPY"

Epitaphs from the Gaelic



HE seventh son of a seventh son,
And a grand wit he had,
Telling Herself it was walking along with the
little folk, he was,
When he was away late he nights;
And pretending to have a great anger
When he came back,
Because the queen of the fairies
Sprinkled scent on him
For devilment.
"That she sends all the way to Dublin for,"
He would be saying;
The seventh son of a seventh son.

* * *

He never smoked; he never drank;
No woman ever graced his side.
There's some that think he might have lived,
Though all are sure he must have died.

* * *

The doctor came and felt her head,
And her ghost half-walking.
Says he, "I think she must be dead;
She's stopped talking."

* * *

Things always come to pass in threes,
Come health, or wealth, or dread disease.
To him beneath was none denied:
He came; he married, and he died.

Seamus MacAengusa.

Income Taxidermy

WE can't understand why Congress is making such a fuss over tax reduction. The whole matter is absurdly simple. All that is needed to save the nation's solvency is to lower the normal tax on heads of families from 37% to 29% and raise the abnormal tax on hen-pecked family men proportionally, and shave the poll tax down to the bone.

Incomes of from \$850 to \$11,000,000 should be regulated according to Schedule M, with slight modifications for acruelties. Amusement taxes should be computed, as now, by the friskal year culminating at midnight, Dec. 31. Unearned incomes from stocks, bonds, and cigar coupons should be universal. Fiduciaries should be thrown out.

Income from rents, rips and snorts should be prorated or perforated. In deference to women constituents the sirtax on bachelors (payable in candy, flowers and taxicabs) should be doubled, troubled, or quadribbled. Liquid assets in the form of private stock should go Scotch-free. In all cases liberal allowance should be made for gifts, thefts, reveling expenses and personal detractions. Bunk deposits should be unmolested.

With these few important reductions taxation will be a joy to everybody. March 15 will seem like Christmas to the head of the family. At least, that is the substance of what we learn from our expert income taxidermist. We trust he isn't stuffing us.

Larcton Mackall.

Classified

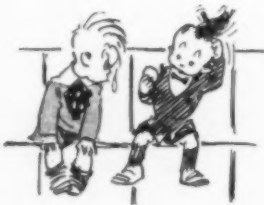
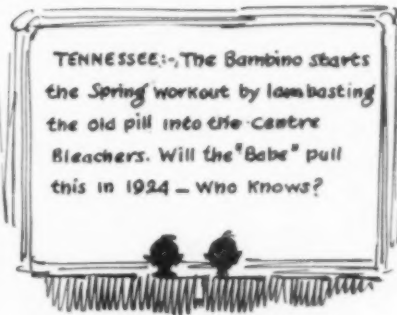
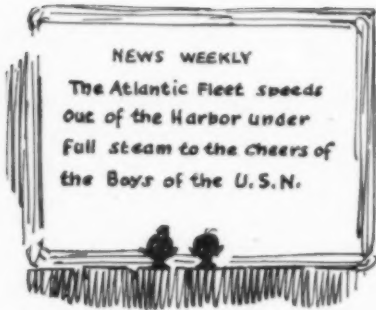
WILLIE: What's an Anthology, dad?

CRABSHAW: That's a book in which you never find what you're looking for, my boy.



"GOIN' TER PAY ME FER THAT DRINK, EB?"

"SHUCKS! THAT AIN'T ONLY WHUT WOULD HEV 'VAPORATED ON YE, ENNYHOW!"



Skippy at the Movies

· LIFE ·

Broadcastings

By Montague Glass



LURKING in the dark corners of the English literary critic's mind is that singular prejudice against the middle and lower classes, and like King Charles's

head in Mr. Dick's writings, this prejudice will out in article, essay or volume. Saintsbury exhibits it on every page; E. V. Lucas in "The Vermilion Box" finds his book growing too gloomy because of all the rich and noble characters losing sons and husbands in the war, so he proceeds to get his comic relief by having domestic servants and retail tradesmen lose husbands and sons in the war. Now comes Mrs. Virginia Woolf and takes Arnold Bennett to task for being one of the Edwardian writers who broke off the Victorian tradition in novel writing and made the character disappear in interesting detail. She cites as an example that one remembers—by *one* I think she means Mrs. Virginia Woolf—the names of the characters in "Pendennis" and all that they said and did, whereas for instance the two sisters in "The Old Wives' Tale"—"already nameless"—by the side of these Victorian characters appear flimsy. I assume also that this—now—*Who's this*, the man who sets his house on fire and deserts his wife—you know whom I mean! (Business of Mrs. Woolf snapping her fingers in a sudden access of

memory) *Mr. Polly*—that's the name, is also flimsy.

Mrs. Woolf is the daughter of Sir Leslie Stephen and can therefore hardly be relied upon to change her mind with the middle-class names and characters of *Constance Povey* and *Sophia Scales*, but so many of us novel readers are the sons and daughters of John Doe and Richard Roe that *Constance* and *Sophia*, the two "already nameless" sisters, are enshrined in our memories as firmly as though we had met and known them, not between the covers of a book, but in Burslem or Paris. I'm sure that I have met them there at least.

* * *

AMONG the foreign words and phrases which embellish the works of Funk & Wagnalls, the Century Company, Harry A. Franck and Philip Guedalla is the Italian idiom, "*in petto*." Funk & Wagnalls and the Century Company know what this phrase means but apparently Harry and Philip don't. In Guedalla's "Masters and Men" at page 96—the English edition—and in Franck's "Wandering in Northern China," page 255, "*in petto*" is used as meaning "in miniature." Thus Franck says, "A Chinese train, on the trunk line subject to the Ministry of Communications, is China *in petto*—crowded confusion in the third class...the second only fairly filled, the first almost empty," etc. Sticking the phrase "*in petto*" into a long sentence of that kind sounds well, but doesn't mean anything, for the word

"*petto*" is Italian for "chest"—the human chest—and hence "*in petto*" means "in secret." "Keep that under your chest" is one way of putting it.

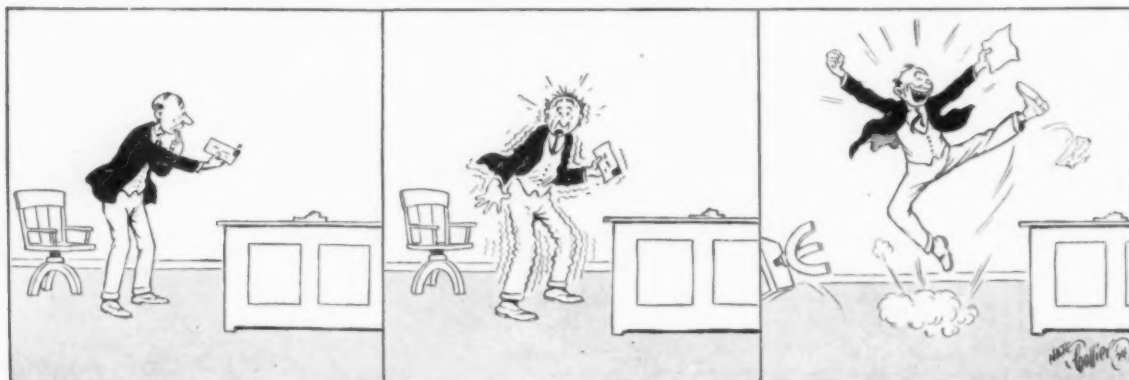
"And how do *you* come to know this?" say you. "You aren't so flawless yourself—you know."

Well I'll tell you, as Barney Bernard says: I once used the phrase as Harry and Philip do, and somebody wrote me all the way from Milan to tell me that I was wrong. After all, why keep valuable information to oneself?

* * *

VANITY FAIR is celebrating its tenth anniversary with a number containing reminiscent articles which seem to be deliberately intended to make its early subscribers feel that when the magazine was established they used to shoot quail where the Ambassador Hotel now stands. Never did ten years seem so long a period in the world's history. A theatrical article gives one the impression that ten years ago Charles Mathews was holding the boards at Niblo's Garden in "Cool as a Cucumber." There is a fund of automobile reminiscence which would lead the reader to believe that the 1914 models were horseless carriages with a one-cylinder engine concealed beneath the center floor-board—in short, museum pieces. In fact, the whole tone of the anniversary number is such that it wouldn't surprise me in the least if the first issue was printed on a Washington hand press by Mr. Condé Nast himself.

(Continued on page 34)



"HM! A LETTER FROM THE COLLECTOR OF INTERNAL REVENUE."

"???"

"SAYING, 'YOU HAVE PAID FORTY CENTS TOO MUCH ON YOUR TAX RETURN.'"

Condensed Guide to Our Gayest Supper Restaurants

THE Pelican: Five jazz bands with never a second's let-up. Waiters on roller skates. Tables that shimmy. Always a mob. Food uneatable, but plenty of synthetic liquor. Very popular with sub-débutantes.

The Club High Life: wear evening clothes, and you can act as you please. Gin only twenty bones a pint. Kitchen packed with Federal Agents. Open till daybreak. Dancing on the tables after 3 A. M.

Vandal Land: one of the very latest. Headwaiter may give you a table for fifteen dollars. Chances doubtful. Couvert charge, the price of an overcoat. Advise leaving your hat and coat in the taxi.

The De Luxe: toy balloons a dollar apiece. Caviar ten berries a gulp. Headwaiter's salary a thousand a week. Reserve your table a month in advance. Standing room only on Saturday nights. The "Razzle Dazzle" Orchestra with "Lefty" Zloosch at the piano.

The St. Moritz: very new. As the name suggests, the walls and ceiling depict scenes from the South Sea Islands. Miss Gladys Lavender dances the "Coochee Coo" nightly at 3:30 and 5 A. M. Bring all your Liberty Bonds and whatever other negotiable securities you have. You'll probably need them.

The Bootlegation: open all night. Plenty of near-Scotch and almost-absinthe. Even the coat-room boy sells the stuff. The "Volstead Glide" rendered every other hour by Miss Lucille Blatz accompanied by the Mullan-Gage Chorus. A rollicking resort.

Jake's Place: doesn't open till 2 A. M. Located at the back of a mildewed cellar. Covered with cobwebs, mud and weeds. Very chic. The Bordelaise Band. Nothing but champagne served. Evening dress obligatory.

The Café Swindle: just opened. The date of the month, the number of your hat check, and your approximate age always added to the bill. The price of a demi-tasse equal to that of a barrel of coffee at the grocery store around the corner.

Charles G. Shaw.



"NEWRICH SEEMS PERFECTLY SATISFIED WITH HIMSELF."
"WHY, HE'S SO PROSPEROUS HE TALKS OF GOING BACK ON A VISIT TO HIS OLD HOME TOWN."

Southern Travel Note

WE did not go to Palm Beach this winter. The Millers, who regularly complete our bridge foursome, went as usual, and so did the Lents, our nearest neighbors. The Boyds, who were really the influence which induced us to trade our Rosenblatt Eight for a Lovely Six, took all their children and a maid, and the Winslows, whose last winter's cook left their household to grace ours, drove. The Fredericks, with whom we shared our cottage at Bar Harbor last summer, were on their way as soon as the Christmas presents had been opened and contents noted, although the Barclays, who are always at least four up on us at the eighth at Green Brook, remained in town long enough to give an after-New Year's tea

dance. And even the Porters, the Foxes, and the Parnells, bag, baggage, and offspring, piled into the Palm Beach Pullman one zero morning. It wasn't the same town....

No, we didn't go to Palm Beach this winter. Do you blame us?

E. M. C.

Last of the Tribe

VISITOR: Good farming around here?

GARAGE MAN: Well, there used to be until we sent him to Congress.

IF the modern girl *must* have a new form of adornment, why not hang a "Fresh Paint" sign on her?

The Silent Drama

"America"

PATRIOTISM has gone out of style since the last Liberty Loan drive. The 100% American fervor which was very much in vogue during the brave days of 1917-'18 is now regarded as distinctly bad taste. The post-war reaction accounts for some of this change, and the lease of Teapot Dome for the rest.

In spite of this condition, it is extremely difficult to see D. W. Griffith's new picture, "America," without experiencing an exalted thrill of patriotism. When you watch a shabby band of embattled farmers fall into line on the main street of Lexington, and march off to the strains of "Yankee Doodle," you will forget all about Harry Daugherty, Frank A. Vanderlip and the Ku Klux Klan—and you will not feel the necessity of apologizing when you say, "I am an American."

Mr. Griffith shows us the ride of Paul Revere, the early battles around Boston and the fearful sufferings at Valley Forge, and he presents them with extraordinary vividness. The courage, the ruggedness and the indomitable simplicity of these men who made the United States are magnified mightily by contrast with the present age of bluster and ballyhoo and bunk.

The effectiveness of these scenes is heightened materially by the work of Neil Hamilton, Erville Alderson, and Frank McGlynn, Jr. There is a fine sincerity in all the players.

UNFORTUNATELY, Mr. Griffith decided that the patriotic thrill which he inspires at the start should be developed logically into bitter enmity towards England. So

he fills the latter portions of his picture with atrocities and general dirty work by the British soldiers, and thus gets entirely away from his main point.

The spirit of "America" becomes lost in a general muddle of petty trickery, sticky love interest and heavy propaganda. From Valley Forge to the final surrender at Yorktown, the picture is involved and dull, and the first wave of excitement recedes.

Mr. Griffith's mistake is not an uncommon one. He was misled by the ancient tradition that a man can't really love his own country without hating every other nation on earth.

"Yolanda"

ALL the king's horses and all the king's men are employed in "Yolanda." But they can't put the story together.

"Yolanda," which is the latest Marion Davies starring vehicle, is a twenty-four-cylinder affair with special body. It has all the trappings and accessories that a vehicle could wish, but it lacks sufficient motive power under the hood. It can do everything but move.

As in all the Marion Davies productions, the scenery is magnificent, the supporting cast is an all-star aggregation, and the outlay of money is overwhelming. It is a costume drama, laid in France in the fifteenth century, and there is a tremendous display of fine clothes and even finer statistics. And yet, in back of it all is a supply of dramatic interest that is not large enough for an average Punch and Judy show.

In short, "Yolanda" is beautiful but dumb.

Robert E. Sherwood.



MARION DAVIES, HOLBROOK BLINN, LYN HARDING AND LEON ERROL IN "YOLANDA."



It's great fun, men!

Mixing your own ideal blend—from the world's twelve best smoking tobaccos in the HUMIDOR SAMPLER
Sent to any smoker, anywhere—on 10 days' approval

A new idea for Pipe-Smokers: 12 famous tobaccos, packed in a handsome Humidor—shipped to you direct to help you find the soul-mate for your pipe.

GUARANTEED BY

The American Tobacco Company

YOU don't know the fun you can get out of your old Briar Buddy until you've tried mixing your own private smoking tobacco. "Blending Your Own" is the newest indoor sport, overshadowing Mah Jongg in universal stag interest.

A Test of the 12 Best for only \$1.50

If you were to try all 12 of these tobaccos in full size packages, the cost would be:

Blue Bear	.25
Capitan	.30
Imperial Cube Cut	.30
(Mild)	
Imperial Cube Cut	.30
(Hot)	
Old English Curve Cut	.15
The Garrick	.30
Carlton Club	.15
Yale Mixture	.25
Three Shakes	.25
Love Jack	.10
Willi-Lutskia	.45
Louisiana Perique	.25
Total	\$3.05

But through the Humidor Sampler you get a liberal "get acquainted" quantity of each for \$1.50

Everywhere you go, you find neighbors and friends vying with each other to produce the Great American Pipe Tobacco—the master blend of all blends—through the twelve primary colors of tobaccos in the Humidor Sampler.

To add extra zest to this genial competition, The American Tobacco Company has offered two cash prizes of \$1,000 each.

One prize for the best mixture formula evolved from the tobaccos in the Humidor and submitted to The American Tobacco Company's General Offices, at 111 Fifth Ave., New York, on or before June 1, 1924.

The other prize, for the best name for the winning mixture, similarly submitted.

But bless your heart, Sir, no pipe devotee needs any contest incentive to stimulate him in this great game. There is a prize in the very doing of the thing itself! There is more real pipe pleasure packed in the bright red-lacquered Humidor Sampler than many a man has been able to find in a lifetime of tobacco quest.

You see, the Humidor Sampler fulfills an age-old longing among pipe-smokers. Every pipe-smoker feels that somewhere Nature has planted the one perfect affinity for his pipe. So The American Tobacco Company rounded up all the good blends and picked the twelve best—to comprise the treasure lore in the Humidor Sampler.

You may find your perfect tobacco already blended in the Humidor Sampler. Or, you may create it in a mixture of two or three.

Sent Anywhere on 10 Days' Approval

The Humidor Sampler is its own best prize; and any man may share its golden dividends of pipe satisfaction by simply signing the coupon below.

But the coupon entitles you to compete, if you wish, for the two one-thousand dollar cash prizes; one for the best mixture and the other for the best name, submitted on or before June 1, 1924.

Send no money. Just sign and mail the coupon. Pay the postman \$1.50, plus postage, when he delivers your Humidor Sampler. If, after ten days' trial of the tobaccos, you're not ready to declare this the best tobacco investment you ever made, return the Humidor and you'll get your \$1.50 and postage back as fast as the mail can carry it.



Send No Money—Just Mail Coupon

The American Tobacco Co., Inc.
Marburg Branch, Dept. 84
Baltimore, Md.

Please send me, on 10 days' approval, one of your Humidor Samplers of twelve different smoking tobaccos. I will pay postman \$1.50 (plus postage) on receipt—with the understanding that if I am not satisfied I may return Humidor in 10 days and you agree to refund \$1.50 and postage by return mail.

Name

Address

Town State

Note:—If you expect to be out when postman calls you may enclose \$1.50 with coupon and Humidor will be sent to you postpaid.



Radio Version

The latest libel to come to hand is that when a London man dropped a shilling in the Strand last week the echo of the coin was picked up by an Aberdeen wireless enthusiast on a wave length of four hundred metres.

—Glasgow Bulletin.

Voluntary Widowhood

The marriage of a Michigan girl to a professional golfer is announced. Those who are already married to amateurs say that her sportsmanship is most remarkable.—Detroit News.

FIRST ROOMMATE: That's a good tie you have on.

SECOND ROOMMATE: Yes. Who gave it to you?—Centre Colonel.

A WORM thinks with its tummy. "How like a man," we can hear some women say.—Youngstown Telegram.



FASHION

The New Maid: I'VE GOT A LETTER FOR THE MASTER, BUT—WHICH OF THE TWO IS MADAM?

—Le Rire (Paris).

For Rubber Stamp Collectors

Talleyrand, it seems, hated to write letters, and when he could not escape answering a note, his style was telegraphic. Two autographs of his were recently sold, both addressed to a widow who remarried.

In answer to the news of the death, he wrote:

"My dear—Alas! Devotedly yours."

When the consoled widow told him of her second marriage, he wrote back:

"My dear—Bravo! Yours devotedly."

—Le Ruy Blas (Paris).

Privilege of the Condemned

PAPA: I hear that Charlie Green is going to be married next week.

LITTLE ROBERT (whose ideas on the subject are somewhat confused): The last three days they give him everything to eat he asks for, don't they, Papa?

—Yorkshire Post.

Another Naval Inquiry

SCENE: Battleship in Port

FAIR VISITOR (to seaman): And now will you show me the part of the ship of which you are the captain?

—Our Navy.

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Quality
LAWN MOWERS

Pennsylvania Trio is a time and labor saver on large areas, golf courses, polo grounds, parks or estates. It cuts an 80-inch swath.

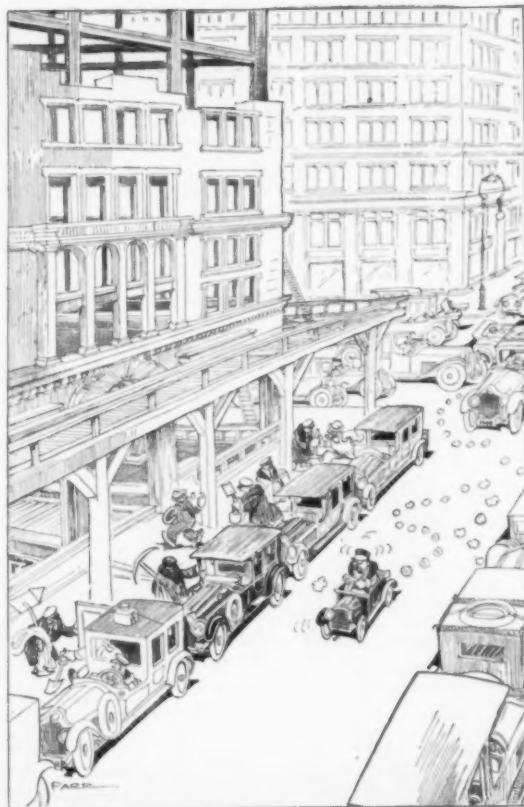
Five Pennsylvania Quality Mowers driven by tractor will cut 80 to 88 acres a day.

The efficiency of Pennsylvania Quality is the result of half a century's specialization not only in the mowers themselves, but in the very processes and machines by which they are created.

Whether Pennsylvania Quality Mowers are to be operated in gangs, by tractor, drawn by horse, or pushed by hand, their economy of performance and upkeep, and their long life of service, are real factors when purchasing.

Their enviable records on thousands of golf courses and polo grounds, in parks, cemeteries and large estates, with the many varying conditions under which the mowing must be done, have proved their exceptional value where large areas of grass must be kept in fine condition.

Let us send you the Pennsylvania Trio Book
PENNSYLVANIA LAWN MOWER WORKS
1625 North 23rd Street, Philadelphia, Pa.



The Boss (just arrived): HANG THOSE LABORERS. THEY NEVER LEAVE A MAN ROOM TO PARK.



Buyers recognize that no body can give such satisfaction as one which bears the symbol—Body by Fisher. This is proved by the insistence of motor car manufacturers and dealers that the Fisher emblem be always displayed so that the buyer will not overlook it.

FISHER BODY CORPORATION, DETROIT
CLEVELAND WALKERVILLE, ONT. ST. LOUIS

FISHER BODIES

It can't get lost It can't get lost

This is it

The new
Hinge-Cap on
Williams
Shaving Cream



It can't get lost It can't get lost

Disdaining Superficiality

"Do you believe in muckraking?"

"No," answered Senator Sorghum. "I'm for going deeper. I believe in oil-loring."—*Washington Star*.



THE GIRL WHO TOLD HER PEOPLE SHE'D BEEN WINKED AT.
—*Bateman, in The Tatler (London)*.

THE CHEST WITH THE CHILL IN IT **WHITE MOUNTAIN REFRIGERATORS**

There is a style for every taste and a size for every home. You buy a lifetime of perfect refrigeration whatever your choice.

Write for attractive Booklets

MAINE MANUFACTURING COMPANY
NASHUA, N. H.



OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



The Helping Hand

Laboring mightily, a little lad was pushing a handcart loaded with broken stone and ten times too big for him. A kindly passerby put his shoulder to the wheel and helped him.

When they arrived at the top of the hill, he said to the boy, in front of the crowd of idlers that had collected:

"I call it an outrage to give a kid like you a job like that! Why didn't you tell your employer it was too heavy for you?"

"I did."

"And what did the big bully say?"

"Well, he said, 'Go ahead with it—you're sure to find some fool loafer on the way to give you a hand.'"

—*Le Journal Amusant (Paris)*.

Revived

"Now children," said the teacher, "write down all you have learned about King Alfred, but *don't* say anything about the burning of the cakes; I want to find out what else you know."

Half an hour later wee Jeanie handed in her effort:

"King Alfred visited a lady at a cottage, but the less said about it the better."

—*Tit-Bits (London)*.

Wise Prof

PROFESSOR: Why are you taking this course, Mr. Brown?

STUDENT: Er—well, because I am very fond of the subject. It gives me a new insight into the problems which—er—I'm called upon to meet in everyday life. It has been an inspiration to me.

PROF.: Very good. Now, Mr. Smith, you tell one.—*Washington Columns*.

Strictly Speaking

"What's Romance?" inquired William, looking up from his history-book. Father would have answered, but Mother was too quick for him.

"Romance, my dear," she said, "is a man's way of explaining things."

—*London Morning Post*.

The Art Exhibit

"Are all the members of the hanging committee present?"

"Yes."

"Very well, gentlemen, let us make a start. What's wrong with this picture?"

—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

VISITOR: What an inspiring sermon your husband preached on "One Day's Rest in Seven."

PASTOR'S WIFE: I didn't hear it—I had to get his dinner.

—*California Pelican*.

"Who owns the air?" asks the *Herald*. We are not sure, but undoubtedly the air ought to be investigated.

—*Boston Transcript*.

Aspirin

Beware of Imitations!



Unless you see the "Bayer Cross" on package or on tablets you are not getting the genuine Bayer Aspirin proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians over twenty-three years for

Colds	Headache
Toothache	Lumbago
Neuritis	Rheumatism
Neuralgia	Pain, Pain

Accept "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" only. Each unbroken package contains proven directions. Handy boxes of twelve tablets cost few cents. Drug-gists also sell bottles of 24 and 100. Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid.

PLAY A SAW

You can produce wonderful, soft, sweet music from a common carpenter's saw with a violin bow or soft hammer, if you know how. No musical ability required—you need not know one note from another.



Muschi & Westphal, 509 2d St., Ft. Atkinson, Wis.

Sure Relief



6 BELL'S
Hot water
Sure Relief

BELL'S
FOR INDIGESTION
25¢ AND 75¢ PACKAGES EVERYWHERE

Mrs. Pep's Diary

(Continued from page 15)

day I did learn by inquiry of a taxi driver why I am at such pains to stop a cab when alone or with another female in the rain or after a theatre, he telling me that most chauffeurs hold out for male fares forasmuch as the average female gives them naught soever. The next time a brigand passes me by and takes a man, I can be consoled to think the jest is on him, for I am unduly liberal in this connection, and Lord! when it is raining or snowing I am inclined to be doubly profligate.

March
8th

Lay late, reading in the public prints, and caught by Don Marquis's assertion that he no longer has interest in aught but food and religious discussion, and I do deem myself in narrower straits than he, my interest in the gods being latent and in food that of Tantalus most of the time. After some reflection, I did decide that the disbursement of money provides me with as much pleasure as anything, but I should not like such a scandal to get as far abroad as my own household. I must look to the improvement of my mind and spirit, God knows, for there are many matters of which I am grossly ignorant, and it was only yesterday that I learned champagne is not made of apples, in spite of all the talk about vine leaves.... Reading this night in the Bridge Magazine an article by William Johnston on women bridge players, and were I a scrivener I should have back at him with my pen, but pleased that he overlooked the only technical trait germane to females—the declarer's demand to view the dummy before it is down.

B. L.

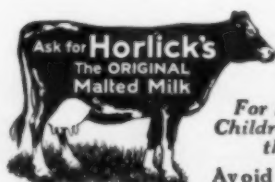
They all say GLOVER'S does the Business

Wherever you go you hear men and women say "There's nothing like Glover's for Dandruff and falling hair. It surely does the business."

For 36 years Glover's has been making friends by the thousands, all over the world. If you are a dandruff sufferer, if your hair is falling out, ask for Glover's Imperial Mangle Medicine at any good drug store and use exactly as directed.

Write for Free Booklet "Treatise on the Hair and Scalp," by H. Clay Glover, originator of the Glover Medicines.

Made only by the
H. CLAY GLOVER CO., Inc. (Dept. A-2)
127-29 West 24th Street New York City



**Safe
Milk**

**For Infants,
Children, Invalids,
the Aged, etc.
Avoid Imitations**



Four 150 h.p. and one 300 h.p. G-E Squirrel-cage Motors driving two-stage high-duty pumps supplying Great Falls, Montana.

The new oaken bucket

"I wish to do something both great and useful for Paris", said Napoleon to an advisor. "Give it water", was the reply.



This monogram, which you see upon electric motors, generators, fans and lamps, is the symbol of a nationwide organization for the service of every community which wants to make electricity do more and better work—the General Electric Company

No longer do city homes depend on wells or nearby rivers. The old oaken bucket is replaced by electrically driven pumps. In Minneapolis, for instance, a General Electric motor of 1800 horse power drives pumps which supply 30,000,000 gallons a day.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Books Received

Jesus, by Odin Gregory (Colony Publishing Company).
The Character of Paul, by Rev. Charles E. Jefferson (Macmillan).
The Spirit of France, by Charles Lewis Slattery (Macmillan).
Backbone, by Samuel S. Drury (Macmillan).
The Child's House, by Marjory MacMurchy (Macmillan).
The New Decalogue of Science, by Albert Edward Wiggam (Bobbs-Merrill).
The Inverted Pyramid, by Bertrand W. Sinclair (Little, Brown).
A Conqueror Passes, by Larry Barretto (Little, Brown).
Nineteenth Century Evolution and After, by Rev. Marshall Dawson (Macmillan).
The Personal Relation in Industry, by John D. Rockefeller, Jr. (Boni & Liveright).
Silbermann, by Jacques de Lacretelle (Boni & Liveright).
My Crystal Ball, by Elizabeth Marbury (Boni & Liveright).

Rustlers' Valley, by Clarence Mulford (Doubleday, Page).
The Sands of Oro, by Beatrice Grimshaw (Doubleday, Page).
Light from Beyond, by Patience Worth (Patience Worth Publishing Co.).
The Storm-Center, by Burton E. Stevenson (Dodd, Mead).
Blindness of Heart, by Violet Colquhoun Bell (Harcourt, Brace).
Darker Phases of the South, by Frank Tannenbaum (Putnam).
Dan Barry's Daughter, by Max Brand (Putnam).
Sam Slick, by T. C. Haliburton (Doran).
Strenuous Americans, by R. F. Dibble (Boni & Liveright).
The Pruning Knife, by Thomas J. Barrett (Barrett Incorporated).
From Pinafores to Politics, by Mrs. J. Borden Harriman (Holt).
Parson's Pleasure, by Christopher Morley (Doran).

Join up!

Those enlisting now stand the best chance of promotion!

Don't wait for the draft! You are sure to be drafted sooner or later by one of the better and better numbers scheduled: BIG BUSINESS! EASTER! BASEBALL! Don't take a chance of missing a single issue!

Follow the crowd!

Obey that impulse!

Life
will win
the war
take it!

good
humor
will win
the war
conserve it!

satire
will win
the war
read it!

fun
will win
the war
have it!

Special Offer, open only to rookies; no reenlistments at this rate. Send this to Recruiting Officer, LIFE, 598 Madison Ave., New York. I hereby sign up for 10 weeks for \$1 (Canadian \$1.20, Foreign \$1.40)

in witness whereof I herewith
enclose the appointed sum.
One year, \$5
Canadian, \$5.80
foreign \$6.00

LIFE'S War Prize Contest

(Continued from page 14)

Let the European exploiters ignore our polite requests to desist.

Let the question of war be put before the public, mention being made that white, not khaki, uniforms will be used for low visibility in snow and ice. This insures the support of the Washerwomen's Union and the K. K. K.

Let the campaign be planned for the summer, and let the weather bureau predict unprecedented heat. This should aid recruiting.

The method here proposed will inevitably supply us with the most cold-blooded war in history.

WILLIAM EXTON, JR.
Randolph 16,
Cambridge, Mass.

Why not introduce Peggy Joyce to our Secretary of War and then to the Prime Minister of England and have her agree to marry the winner?

JACK MOES.
7812 Superior Ave.,
Cleveland, Ohio.

GIVE Germany back her rights.

JOSEPH LAWLER.
5 Robert St.,
Middletown, N. Y.

1. ENCOURAGE Amateur and Professional Peace Delegates to go to Europe, by paying their travelling expenses, plus a liberal bonus to their next-of-kin, if they don't come back.

2. Intern for an indefinite period all foreign authors and actors immediately

MEN!

**Reduce girth 2 to 4 inches
this easy, comfortable way**

No man with a paunch of excess fat can look well dressed. A heavy waist line is an absolute bar to correctly fitting clothes. It pulls the coat out of shape—makes trousers bulge and sag—causes the vest to creep up and rumple. Director puts an end to all this annoyance. Not only does it make clothes fit better and look better, but it gives the wearer a delightful feeling of ease and comfort.

DIRECTOR

Makes Excess Fat Disappear

Director gives more than temporary relief. It applies a firm but gentle pressure which automatically produces a continuous kneading motion with the natural movements of the body. This action tends to dissolve and scatter fatty deposits. Thus the continued wearing of the Director permanently corrects over-development. Director is made to individual measure, from the finest mercerized web elastic—all in one piece. No buckles, straps, laces, hooks or buttons. It slips on easily and is delightfully comfortable. Director strengthens and supports the abdominal muscles. Endorsed by business and professional men, who say this support ends the fagged out, worn down, heavy, draggy feeling that follows a hard day's work.



Our Guarantee Write today for a Director, and see for yourself how effective it is as a flesh reducer. The price—made to your measure—is only \$6.50. We guarantee every Director to be satisfactory or money will be refunded promptly and the trial will not cost a penny. Be sure and give height, weight and waist measure when ordering. The coupon is for your convenience. Tear out and mail today.

London & Warner, Dept. A, 225 N. Michigan Blvd., Chicago

London & Warner,
225 N. Michigan Blvd., Chicago, Dept. A.
Send my Director under your money back guarantee.

My weight is my height is

my waist measure is
☐ \$6.50 enclosed ☐ Send C. O. D.

Name
Address

*MERCHANT TAILORS: Write for Director Sales Plan now offered for first time. Here is an opportunity for additional business while satisfactorily fitting faulty figures.

Why Teeth Discolor

**Tobacco, food, etc.,
stain the film**

THE clouds on teeth lie in the film-coats. The remedy is to remove the film. Millions now daily combat the film, and the glistening teeth you see everywhere show what it means.

You must fight film

Film is that viscous coat you feel. It clings to teeth, and no ordinary tooth paste can effectively combat it.

Soon it becomes discolored by tobacco or by food, then forms a dingy coat. That is how teeth lose their beauty.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the



teeth to cause decay. Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tar-tar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Under old methods very few escaped these film-caused troubles.

Now dental science has found two ways to fight film. One disintegrates the film, one removes it without harmful scouring.

These methods have been well-proved by able authorities. A new-type tooth paste has been created to apply them daily. The name is Pepsodent.

That tooth paste has come into worldwide use, largely through dental advice.

Watch them become whiter

Every use of Pepsodent also multiplies the great tooth-protecting agents in saliva. These combined effects have brought to multitudes a new dental era.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth become whiter as film-coats disappear.

You will be glad to know a method which brings results like these. Cut out coupon now.

PROTECT THE ENAMEL

Pepsodent disintegrates the film, then removes it with an agent far softer than enamel. Never use a film combatant which contains harsh grit.

Pepsodent
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

The New-Day Dentifrice

Now advised by leading dentists
the world over.

on their arrival at any U. S. port. Keep the former engaged reading the New York American, and every evening, with three matinees a week, let the latter see the No. 9 Co.'s performance of "Abie's Irish Rose."

3. Secretly extend the three-mile limit overnight to thirty miles, then confiscate all booze in (and out of) sight. Use same to stimulate recruiting. One bottle per man, and the smaller the man, the bigger the bottle.

4. If nothing happens in three days after the above directions have been followed, write letters to all the Kings, Queens and Knaves available, tell 'em we just feel we should start something; then if no satisfactory reply is received, send them long cables, COLLECT.

THEO. DE BLOIS,
230 Gladstone Ave.,
Ottawa, Ont.

VOTE the straight Republican ticket.

WELT J. THOMPSON,
Liberty, N. Y.

10-DAY TUBE FREE 1427

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY

Dept. 784, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

Only one tube to a family

ESTABLISH a League of Isolations, and by its constitution prohibit every money-mad American, perfidious Englishman, deceitful Jap, degenerate Frenchman, murdering Irishman, prating Catholic, canting Protestant, grasping Jew, lazy Hindu, drunken Swede, greasy Italian, anarchistic Slav, crazy Socialist, bloodsucking capitalist, ignorant working man, uncivilized Negro, backward Chinaman, bloodthirsty Hun and every other such scoundrel from associating with civilized human beings.

Leave the rest to us propagandists. We will guarantee to get the boys into the trenches by Easter.

N. SALSBERY,
17 Small Ave.,
Caldwell, N. J.

NEXT WEEK we will publish a new batch of suggestions for Bigger and Better Wars. We shall then be able to indicate the verdict of the Great West, which is not represented in the above contributions.

For Shaving without BRUSH or LATHER

Apply
Mollé with
the finger tips



Shave
with Ease
and smoothness

MOLLÉ Beard Softening CREAM

("Just say MÖ-LAY")

A marvel for ease, speed and comfort—
No brush or lather required.

Simply wash the face, spread soothing, antiseptic Mollé
over the wet beard, then use the favorite razor—that's all!

A shave so smooth, so cool, so velvety that lotions are
never needed.

A delightful new shaving method that is yours today
—why wait?

Seven years of in-
creasing popular-
ity. Used by dis-
criminating men
everywhere. Dif-
ferent from any
other shaving
cream.



TRIAL TUBE
prepaid 10¢

At good drug
stores every-
where. A whale
of a tube for 50
cents. Made sole-
ly by The Pryde-
Wynn Co., New
Brighton, Pa.

Nubbsville Sparks

AN immediate revision of dog-taxes
is being urged by Belshazzar Binkley.
Although Hoddy Hewgill's dog is three
times as big as Belshazzar's, Hoddy
don't have to pay a cent more revenue
than Belshazzar does!

Nicodemus Firkin, our constable,
wonders with much disgust why a
feller never gets any medals for saving
his own life.

L. V. E.



The Manor

Albemarle Park
Asheville, N.C.

One of those "wholly satisfying"
places found once in a while and
never forgotten; perfect service,
concentrated comfort. An "all
year" resort for pleasure and
sport exclusively.

Perfect Golf in a Perfect Climate
Write for Booklet "L"
Albert H. Malone, Manager

In America—An English Inn

And What Would Have Happened Then?

Macbeth: What! Kill a nice old man
like Duncan? See here, Lady Macbeth,
you attend to your household affairs
and don't try to run mine.

Father Montague
Father Capulet

Bless you, chil-
dren. This is
the happiest
day of our lives.

Desdemona: Here's the silly old
handkerchief, Othello. And I think
your conduct is perfectly outrageous!

Bassanio: I'll take the gold casket.

Brutus: Let me tip you off, Cæsar.
The boys are planning to do you in on
the Ides of March.

Cleopatra: Ah-h-h-h-h! Take that
horrid snake away!

Hamlet: I wish Father's ghost would
stop that undignified pacing of the ram-
parts. Uncle and Mother are just made
for each other.

H. W. H.

GATES TOURS TO EUROPE

30 to 80 days, \$425 and up. Sailings from May
to September. These Tours are planned by
skilled experts with over thirty years of suc-
cessful experience. Write for booklet N-7.

GATES TOURS—Founded 1882

"World Travel at Moderate Cost"

225 Fifth Avenue, New York
London Paris Rome

Broadcastings

(Continued from page 24)

and afterward distributed personally to
the original subscribers by Mr. Frank
Crowninshield and Mr. Heyworth
Campbell—the entire edition being com-
fortably transported in two leather
brief cases which ordinarily would have
a total carrying capacity of four rye
bread tongue sandwiches each.

MR. WILLIAM HARD in the *Na-
tion* attempts to be "different," in
the dry-goods advertising sense. Writ-
ing of the Teapot Dome scandal, he is
shocked that public officials should take
so low a view of Mr. Roosevelt's doc-
trine of Conservation. Of course, they
never thought about the doctrine of
Conservation at all. The burglar
dangling at the end of a rope, as he
makes his escape with his booty from
the second story of the *locus delicti*,
doesn't occupy his mind with the theory
of Relativity. Confronted with a di-
amond bar pin and a genuine Oriental
pearl necklace in the bureau he has just
jimmied, the sneak thief should worry
about Professor Veblen's "Law of Con-
spicuous Honorific Waste." In other
words, with relation to Teapot Dome
you can be "different" from your one
hundred and ten million fellow citizens
and talk about Conservation while they
are discussing Grand Larceny.

See EUROPE by MOTOR

A delightful and inexpen-
sive way to travel. Com-
plete freedom of route.
Leave the beaten paths
for the unusual and pic-
turesque. Our Motor
Service de Luxe elimi-
nates all bother with time-
tables, trains, etc. Private
cars, expert chauffeur
guides.

Inclusive rates for trips or
cars for hire any period.
Itineraries planned by
our travel experts or ar-
ranged to order for Eng-
land and the Continent.



Write for booklet with maps and detailed information
FRANCO-BELGIQUE TOURS CO.
LTD. (American Company)
157 West 42nd Street, New York
London Paris Brussels Naples

How to Figure Your Income Tax

TAKE the amount received as salary, wages, commissions, omissions and graft plus any amount accrued from a partnership, such as bridge, Russian bank and marriage, or from fiduciaries such as dead uncles, divorcees and old loans, and divide by the number of miles the speedometer on your car shows for the fiscal year. To the remainder add the rent of your vacuum cleaner plus all royalties, including the Prince of Wales. If you are a professional man, such as a bond salesman or insurance agent, you must also include the percentage of customers bored, to which must be added profit from intangibles, such as oil stocks, matrimonial bonds and poker parties. The sum of the above divided by the number of times you have used the word "scofflaw" since it was invented will equal your gross income.

Now under the law and the profits you may deduct certain items as follows:

- a. Interest paid:
 1. To other men's wives.
 2. To the World Series.
 3. To no one in particular.
- b. Taxes paid unknowingly, as:
 1. War.
 2. Ticket speculators.
 3. Union or club dues.
- c. Losses by fire and storm:
 1. Amount paid for tobacco.
 2. Arctics, rubbers, and sleighing parties.
- d. Contributions:
 1. Tag days.
 2. Drives (Riverside and Lakeshore excluded).
 3. Christmas presents.
- e. Bad debts:
 1. All your bills.
- f. Any item not included in the above, with the exception of alimony, which is your own fault.




Each Serves Its Community

In Frazer, Colorado, a log cabin of three rooms shelters a telephone exchange that connects with the mountain homes of cowmen, miners, homesteaders and tie-cutters. In the heart of New York City a new building of twenty-nine stories is to become the home of several metropolitan central offices serving some 120,000 telephones. This building will contain, as well, offices for executives and for engineering, commercial, plant and accounting forces, providing space for over 7000 telephone workers.

Each of these buildings helps to render adequate and economical telephone service in its own community. They stand at the extremes in size, equipment and personnel. Yet they both indicate the nation-wide need for adequate housing of the activities of the Bell System; and they illustrate the varied ways in which that need is being met. One of the largest single items of plant investment of the Bell System is real estate, comprising nearly 1700 buildings acquired, with their sites, at a cost of \$180,000,000.

It is continuously the aim of the Bell System to construct and so to situate each new building—whether executive office, central office, storehouse or garage—so that it shall serve its community with the utmost efficiency and economy, and remain a sound investment throughout its period of life.



The BILTMORE

MADISON AVE., 43rd TO 44th STREETS
NEW YORK

Tea in the Palm Room

Dancing in
the Supper Room

JOHN McE. BOWMAN
President



AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES
BELL SYSTEM
One Policy, One System, Universal Service

Total your losses as outlined, divide by the number of papers purchased by Frank A. Munsey, and subtract from your gross income. The result might be your net income. From this you may deduct a certain cash bonus not to exceed \$3,000, as a family exemption, provided of course that you are married or have children, and even one or two old parents may be used.

Now multiply the total amount of figures arrived at by 6% plus the number of your bank book divided by the number of your last check, which will

always give your surtax, and send a check for the balance to your district Prohibition officer.

By following this simple advice you will save legal and medical expense, and feel assured that you have solved your tax problem far more satisfactorily than an expert accountant. G. D.

Inopportune

BERT: Don't you think she has the most wonderful control of her voice?

GERT: I should say not! Why, she sings every time she's asked.



THE BURT and PACKARD
"Korrek Shape"

WALK in comfort and wear any style you like in "Korrek Shape" shoes. Style-leaders!—and each one embodies "Korrek Shape" principles. "Korrek Shape" shoes fit, hold and support the feet—in style!

Field & Flint Co.
Makers
Brockton, Mass.

All "Korrek Shape" Shoes are molded to the lasts under 1/4-ton pressure.

Send for booklet and name of dealer.



BLEN LAST
Just one of many smart styles.

© 1934 Field & Flint Co.



Some men
constantly change tobaccos,

—It may be they have never smoked a Kaywoodie Pipe. For it's often the pipe which is to blame.

Before you change tobaccos, learn the difference that mellow old Italian Bruyère can make. Taste the joys of a sweet-smoking, perfectly fashioned pipe which needs no breaking in. Start with a Kaywoodie. You will be satisfied—it is so guaranteed. \$4 and up, at your tobacconist's.

KAYWOODIE
ITALIAN BRUYÈRE



The white clover in-laid on the stem of KB&B pipes is your assurance of satisfaction. Look for it.

KAUFMANN BROS.
& BONDY
33 East 17th Street
New York City



Just Being Happy is
A Fine Thing to do,
Looking on the Bright Side
Rather than the Blue.

Life

helps his readers to look on the bright side and gives them something to do it with—his *Laugh on Every Page*. Happiness is a fine thing, and makes one radiate sunshine, a living inspiration to others. "He taught his neighbors to laugh" is a finer commentary than that he was king of a big country, for kings are incidental, while laughter is of grace. Read LIFE, laugh, and look on the bright side yourself for a year, or try our

Special Offer

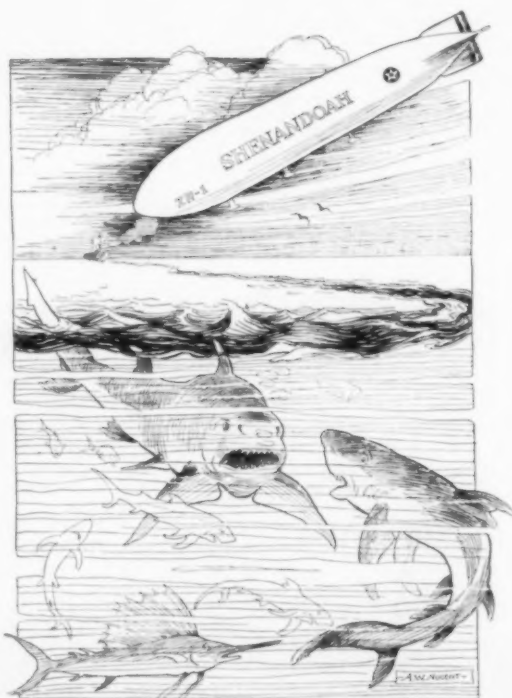
Enclosed find One Dollar (Canadian \$1.20, Foreign \$1.40).
Send LIFE for the next ten weeks to

LIFE, 598 Madison Avenue, New York

One Year \$5

Canadian \$5.80

Foreign \$6.60
120



"SWIM FOR YOUR LIVES! THE LARGEST TORPEDO
I EVER SAW IS HEADING RIGHT FOR US."



He never knew why

ALMOST the first thing that greeted him on his return to town was a newspaper announcement telling him that the girl he had hoped to marry was engaged to another man. And, moreover, to a man he had never heard of before.

This accounted for her silence during his absence—not a single letter all the time he was away.

And he never found the real reason why his courtship had been so complete a failure.

* * * *

That's the insidious thing about halitosis (unpleasant breath). You, yourself, rarely know when you have it. And even your closest friends won't tell you.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from some deep-seated organic disorder that requires professional advice.

But usually—and fortunately—halitosis is only a local condition that yields to the regular use of Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle. It is an interesting thing that this well-known antiseptic that has been in use for years for surgical dressings, possesses these unusual properties as a breath deodorant.

It halts food fermentation in the mouth and leaves the breath sweet, fresh and clean. *Not* by substituting some other odor but by really removing the old one. The Listerine odor itself quickly disappears. So the systematic use of Listerine puts you on the safe and polite side.

Your druggist will supply you with Listerine. He sells lots of it. It has dozens of different uses as a safe antiseptic and has been trusted as such for half a century. Read the interesting little booklet that comes with every bottle.—Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.





He Taught Presidents

ALONG in June 1775, some twenty youthful Virginians opened up their own little war on Great Britain by raiding the royalist arsenal in the house of Lord Dunmore.

Benjamin Harrison was one of them. James Monroe another. Still another was George Wythe, a brilliant young lawyer. They formed a military company and started drilling. But Wythe, whose work in the Virginia Burgesses had marked him for a far greater career, was soon drafted out of the ranks, and sent to Philadelphia to sign the Declaration.

Independence won, Wythe grew into a great judge and noted teacher. In his law classes at William and Mary studied many of the leaders of the next generation, including two, who became Presidents. Also John Marshall, the famous Chief Justice. And, for four years, the amanuensis in Wythe's court was the redoubtable Henry Clay.

Thus, one boy, who, by the way, got his own lessons from an able mother after faltering along in the country schools, became a vital link in the greatest traditions of American public life.

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